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THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A MUSICAL PIECE,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

DUBLIN:
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1794.

BRITISH MUSEUM
26 AUG 57

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR ROWLAND, - -	Mr. HARGRAVE.
LORD ALFORD, - -	Mr. PALMER.
WALTER, - - -	Mr. DALY.
APATHY, - - -	Mr. MOSS.
GABRIEL, - - -	Mr. MEADOWS.
OLIVER, - - -	Mr. DAVENPORT.
FIRST RUFFIAN, - -	Mr. CALLAN.
SECOND RUFFIAN, - -	Mr. FULLER.

Servants, Mutes, &c.

WOMEN.

HELEN, - - -	Mrs. KENNEDY.
JOSEPHINE, - - -	Miſs BRETT.
WINIFRED, - - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
BOY, GIRL, } - - -	The Miſs MEADOWS.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Lord Alford's Caſtle and Neighbourhood.*

THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter APATHY, *with Books, a Bottle and Glaſs.*

APATHY.

WHAT a ſet of fools are Philoſophers, who adviſe you to ſtudy away life for the benefit of poſterity; that is, die while you live, that you may live when you die. Aye, theſe things [*Shewing Books*] may do well enough to garniſh the brains of fools, but this is the feaſt of reaſon. [*Drinks*] As tutor to theſe orphans, I have a tolerable eaſy life:—I pimp for their uncle, my patron; that's no difficult matter:—Muſter Latin enough to puzzle the parſon; that's no difficult matter:—Teach the Children idleneſs; that's no difficult matter:—Go into the cellar for an hour or two; that's no difficult matter:—Come out again; that's no difficult——yes, that's ſometimes a very difficult matter. [*Drinks.*

Enter JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

Mr. *Apathy*,—ſhame on you,—drinking in a morning!

APATHY.

Why, my dear, Sir *Rowland* ordered me to plead his paſſion for you; ſo I was taking a drop to inſpire me.

JOSEPHINE.

I wonder Sir *Rowland* can be ſo fooliſh to talk of love to a poor girl like me.

APATHY.

So do I; he ſays he's unhappy, and how a man who has ſuch a cellar as Sir *Rowland* has, can be unhappy, is to me amazing;—but have you no feeling?

JOSEPHINE.

I am ſure you have none. Don't you remember when poor *Walter*, the Carpenter's houſe was burnt down?

APATHY.

I have a ſhrewd gueſs, that *Walter* has drill'd a hole through your heart.

JOSEPHINE.

Don't you remember, I ſay, that your firſt enquiry was after the ſafety of the ſucking Pigs, and never ſhed a tear for the fate of the poor family: Was that feeling?

APATHY.

APATHY.

No, that was Philoſophy.

JOSEPHINE.

Philoſophy!

APATHY.

Yes, *my* Philoſophy; and this is the fount from whence it ſprings. [*Pointing to the bottle*] By eating we attain the higheſt promotions of Church and State. How do you acquire the dignity of Lord Mayor? You eat your way to it. And by drinking, we approach the Gods, who never walk'd—they ſlid. [*Staggering.*

JOSEPHINE, *looking.*

Ha! yonder comes my dear *Walter:* I how he got admiſſion. Go to the Childr *Apathy.*

APATHY.

What ſhall I ſay to my Patron?

JOSEPHINE.

I don't care what you ſay—only go.

[*Puſhes him out.*

S O N G.

1.

When love gets you faſt in his clutches,
And you ſigh for your ſweetheart away;
Old Time cannot move without crutches,
Alack! how he hobbles,—well-a-day, well-a-day.

2. *But*

2.

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colouring o'er my cheeks ſtray;
Old Time throws aſide both his crutches,
Alack! how he gallops,—well-a-day, well-a-day.

Enter WALTER, *with caution.*

WALTER.

My ſweet *Joſephine!*

JOSEPHINE.

Oh, *Walter*, ſhould Sir *Oliver* find you——

WALTER.

Oh, curſe that maſter of yours.—I tell you w[illegible] *Joſephine*—conſent to run away from this caſtle, or I ſhall think you liſten to him.

JOSEPHINE.

Walter, don't be a fool. I'll not leave the Caſtle, while the dear orphans remain here. I muſt ever fulfil the parting injunction of my dear Lady *Helen*, when ſhe went to *India* to meet her huſband, Lord *Alford*. Says ſhe, *Joſephine*, thy affection for my dear infants is my greateſt comfort: Should Fate ſeparate us, my faithful girl, protect them.

WALTER.

Oh, we have given up all hope of ſeeing Lord *Alford*, and his ſweet Lady. Heaven reſt their ſouls.

ſouls.—Heigho! but I did not come here to cry. I ſay, *Joſephine*, it's deviliſh hard to be ſo poor; I that, every body ſays, am ſuch an induſtrious clever fellow. Now a coffin: I'll make a coffin with e'er a carpenter in *Norfolk*. And the farmers wives ſay, that at a bed, I'm the thing. I'm making a bed for us, my girl, all right and tight.

JOSEPHINE.

I have no notion of your making beds for farmers wives, indeed!

WALTER.

To be ſure I have had temptations; but I never found any perfect, but *Joſephine*.

S O N G.

WALTER.

1.

There was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump,
And cry, my dear Walter, heigho!
But no ſtep could ſhe take, would my conſtancy ſhake,
For ſhe had a timber toe.

2.

There was Deborah Roſe, with her aquiline noſe,
Who cried, for you, Walter, I die;
But I laugh'd at each glance, ſhe threw at me [aſkance,
For ſhe had a gimblet eye.

3.

There was Tabitha Twiſt, had a mind to be kiſs'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided, for ſhe was lop-ſided,
And curſedly warp'd in the back.

4.

Joſephine came at laſt, to nail my heart faſt,
Firm as oak will I prove to my dear;
And when parſon Tether, has tack'd us together,
Some chips of the block may appear.

Sir ROWLAND *without.*

This way, *Oliver.*

JOSEPHINE.

Huſh, Sir *Rowland*'s voice!

Enter Sir ROWLAND, OLIVER, *and two Ruffians.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Walter here!—Slave, your buſineſs?

WALTER.

My buſineſs! Oh my buſineſs was, your honour, was a job.

Sir ROWLAND.

A job, was it?

WALTER *and* JOSEPHINE.

Yes, Sir, a job.

Sir

Sir ROWLAND.

Seize that fellow! [*Ruffians ſeize Walter.*

WALTER.

Oh dear, here's a pretty job!

JOSEPHINE.

Oh, Sir, have pity! [*Children laugh without.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Silence theſe brats, and prepare them for the viſit they muſt pay their goſſips. [*Children laugh*] Silence them, I ſay. [*Exit Joſephine.*] Soon their ſilence ſhall be eternal.—My brother being concluded dead,—that 'luſtrious orb being ſet in night,—ſhall theſe his pigmy ſatellites eclipſe me now? No—that fellow I am ſure of; [*pointing to Oliver*] he ſhall diſpatch them, while on this ſeeming viſit. Yet to venture him alone will breed diſtruſt; for, from his eye, remorſe is baniſhed, and unmaſked murder lowers upon his brow—Were it not well to ply this *Walter?* Relief from preſent fears, the hopes of *Joſephine*, backed with tenements and bribes, will ſurely palſey the conſcience of a hind. I'll about it, and uſe him as the peaceful ſcabbard to conceal the murdering blade.—*Oliver*, I've found you a companion for our purpoſe, be ready.—[*To Walter*] Slave, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room.*

Apathy diſcovered aſleep on the chair; a Book lying open at his feet; and the Children playing about the room.

Enter JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

Mr. *Apathy* aſleep! Oh fie! [*Awaking him.*

APATHY.

I've had a very comfortable nap.

JOSEPHINE.

The children are going to viſit their godfather.

APATHY.

With all my heart. What's o'clock?

JOSEPHINE.

Exactly mid-day.

APATHY.

Is dinner ready?

JOSEPHINE.

It is not ordered yet.

APATHY.

Not ordered! talk to me of children and nonſenſe, and the dinner not ordered—here! cook! cook! [*Exit.*

JOSEPHINE, *to the boy.*

Have you learnt my ſong yet?

BOY.

BOY.

I'll try to ſing it, if you'll help me.

JOSEPHINE.

Come then, follow me.

D U E T.

BOY *and* JOSEPHINE.

JOS. *Young Simon in his lovely Sue,*
Beheld a darling treaſure:
BOY. *Young Simon,* &c.
JOS. *The toilſome day before him flew;*
For love makes labour pleaſure.
BOY. *The toilſome,* &c.
JOS. *O fie, dear boy! can't you diſcern,*
'Tis love makes labour pleaſure;
BOY. *O yes, dear girl! I ſoon ſhall learn,*
That love makes labour pleaſure.
JOS. *O fie, dear boy!*
BOY. *Oh yes, dear girl!*
JOS. *Oh fie! can't you diſcern?*
BOY. *Oh yes, dear girl, I ſoon ſhall learn,*
That love makes labour pleaſure.

RECITATIVE.

BOY. *But I am loath to ſour ſweet muſic's ſtrain:*
Shall we begin?
JOS. *Yes.*
BOTH. *We will begin again.*

D U E T.

JOS. *Young Simon in his lovely Sue,* &c.
BOY. *The toilſome day,* &c.

[During this Duet the girl remains at the top of the ſtage playing with her doll, *&c.*]

GIRL.

GIRL, *coming down.*

Is your ſong done?

JOSEPHINE.

Yes.

GIRL.

I'm glad of it. Ar'n't you, my darling? [*To her doll*] If you are good when I am gone, you ſhall have a Lord Mayor for your huſband; ſo my dear mama ſaid to me when ſhe went away. And when I am gone, *Joſephine*, don't you liſten to the naughty men,—my mama ſaid that to you too.

BOY.

Who goes with us to our godfather's?

JOSEPHINE.

Oliver, my dear.

BOY.

I won't go with *Oliver*.

JOSEPHINE.

Why, love?

BOY.

Becauſe of what I heard *Walter* ſay.

JOSEPHINE.

What was that?

BOY.

That *Oliver* was a damn'd, black looking raſcal.

JOSEPHINE.

Heavens! my dear,—huſh! I ſhall ſcold *Walter* for talking ſo wickedly.

GIRL.

GIRL.

I don't think you will.

JOSEPHINE.

Why, child?

GIRL.

Becauſe laſt night, when you were aſleep, you cried, 'Oh, *Walter*, how I love you!' Oh you did; and now I am ſure it's true, becauſe you bluſh ſo.

JOSEPHINE.

Fye, you little tell-tale.

[*Sees Walter in earneſt converſation with Sir Rowland.*]

GIRL.

Oh, here's my croſs uncle, let's run away. I wiſh, *Joſephine*, you were my uncle inſtead of him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir ROWLAND *and* WALTER.

WALTER.

What, your honour?

Sir ROWLAND.

The Children's death! that's my purpoſe:—The reward, *Joſephine*.

WALTER.

Their death your purpoſe! The reward *Joſephine!* Tempt me with the form of an Angel, to do the act of a Devil—Murder innocents! Who?—Damme, I've a great mind to throttle him. Eh! but ſhould I refuſe? I'll ſeemingly conſent; and, if I can but ſave them——The very thought makes me cry for joy.

Sir

Sir ROWLAND.

What, whimpering, fool?

WALTER.

Why, you ſee, ſir, I'm not much uſed to butcher children.—It's rather out of my line.

Sir ROWLAND.

What's your determination?

WALTER.

I muſt not conſent too ſoon. [*Aſide*] Why, if, ſir, my honour—

Sir ROWLAND.

Honour! it's a worthleſs metal; yields no advantage to the holder, and is ſullied by the ſlighteſt breath of malice.—Wiſe men plate it o'er with gold; that gives it currency, and repels envy's coroding tooth.

WALTER.

Why, that's very true; very true, to be ſure. But then to be ſcorn'd—

Sir ROWLAND.

Look thro' the world:—Where points Scorn his finger? At ermin'd guilt? No, at ragged honeſty: Not at canopied oppreſſion;—but at houſeleſs merit. Be wiſe, be wiſe.

WALTER.

Why, that's true again, your honour; I conſent; and if I don't—

Sir ROWLAND.

Huſh! *Oliver* will accompany you.

WALTER.

WALTER.

Zounds! that blood-thirſty villain!—You had better let me do it alone.

Sir ROWLAND.

Silence! take this ſword.—But firſt ſwear—

WALTER.

I never ſwear, my lord, never ſwear; it's a very bad habit.

Sir ROWLAND.

No trifling, fool—ſwear when next we meet,—it ſhall be ſheath'd with blood.

WALTER.

Well for once, I will ſwear: By my hopes of mercy, it ſhall be ſheath'd with blood.

[*Takes the ſword.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Now, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Sir ROWLAND'*s Caſtle.*

Enter JOSEPHINE, CHILDREN, *and* WALTER.

WALTER.

My dear *Joſephine*, I have ſuch news to tell you! I'm high in favour with Sir *Rowland:* I am to go with the children.

GIRL.

I'm glad you are going, *Walter.*

BOY.

And ſo am I.

JOSEPHINE.

Here's your mama's picture.

BOY.

I'll have it.

GIRL.

I'm ſure I ought to have it; for I am a very puny little girl, and ought to be made a pet of.

JOSEPHINE, *putting the picture on the girl.*

She was an elegant woman.

GIRL.

And every body ſays I am very like her.

WALTER.

Joſephine, I have ſomething to tell you will make your hair ſtand an end. You muſt know—huſh!

Enter Sir ROWLAND *and* OLIVER.

Sir ROWLAND.

My little prattlers, how do you?—What! delighted with your journey?

BOY *and* GIRL.

Oh, yes, Uncle. [*Go up the ſtage with Sir Rowland. Oliver remains rather up.*]

JOSEPHINE *comes forward with* WALTER.

Walter, you have got on a ſword!

WALTER.

A ſword, have I? Yes, it is a kind of a ſword to be ſure.

JOSEPHINE.

What are you going to do with it?

WALTER.

WALTER.

What am I going to do with it! Oh, *Joſephine*, I've ſuch a—hum!

Sir ROWLAND, *coming down with the children.*

Take leave of *Joſephine.*

GIRL.

Good bye, *Joſephine;* kiſs us. Don't cry—we'll ſoon come back Sha'n't we, uncle?

Sir ROWLAND.

By all means, ſweeting.—[*Walter takes the children in each hand*] Farewel, my little cherubs, and heaven take you to its care.

WALTER, *going off.*

Amen!

[*Exeunt Walter leading the children, Oliver following.*

JOSEPHINE.

Heighho! I ſhall be quite uneaſy till they return: I can't bear melancholy.

Sir ROWLAND.

How cruel then to inflict it?

JOSEPHINE.

Pray, my Lord, ceaſe your importunities: Were your paſſion ſuch as with honour I might liſten to, I could not love you.

Sir ROWLAND.

Joſephine, hear me.—I ſee perſuaſion is in vain. —Mark! What has hitherto been entreaty, ſhall now be will.—Tho' love and gratitude be dead in you,

you,—fear, I perceive, exiſts.—My purpoſe is determined—reſolve then quickly, and chuſe—my love or hate.

D U E T.

Enter APATHY, *with a Bill of Fare.*

Jos. *Great Sir, conſider, to my honour I'm ſteady.*
APA. *Great Sir, conſider, the dinner is ready.*
Jos. *An humble domeſtic is not worth your care.*
APA. *Dear Sir, give me leave to preſent the bill of fare.*
Jos. *Take a lady——*
APA. *Here's tongue——*
Jos. *With honour——*
APA. *And mutton.*
Jos. *If handſome and young——*
APA. *What a feaſt for a glutton!*
Jos. *Dreſs'd in boddice ſo fine, and in kirtle ſo taſty.*
APA. *With bittern, and quails, and a fine ven'ſon-paſty——*
Jos. *But ah, ſir, beware of jealouſy!*
APA. *And muſtard.*
Jos. *Elſe you'll prove by your care——*
APA. *A gooſe and buſtard.*
Jos. *Your love is too hot.*
APA. *The mutton's over boil'd.*
Jos. *My fame you would blot——*
APA. *And the pig will be ſpoil'd.*

Jos.

Jos. *Believe me, great Sir, to my honour I'm ſteady.*

APA. *And believe me, great Sir, the dinner is ready.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter OLIVER *looking around, and beckons to* WALTER, *who enters with the Children through out wood.*

OLIVER.

This place will do delightfully.

WALTER.

I don't like the place.

OLIVER.

I ſay, this ſhall be the place.

WALTER.

Well, if you inſiſt upon it: There, [*To the children*] go and play, I want to talk to *Oliver*. [*Children retire to the back of the ſtage.*] I tell you what, *Oliver*, I know you have one failing.

OLIVER.

Aye, what's that?

WALTER.

You are too tender-hearted,—you are indeed. —Now I am ſo hard-hearted a dog, I could murder for amuſement.—So do you go back to the caſtle, get the reward, and leave the job to me.

OLIVER.

What, you'll diſpatch the[illegible]

WALTER.

Yes! Yes! You are too tender-hearted.—One may ſee it with half an eye.—So, good bye.—I'll do for them.—Good bye, *Oliver*.

[*Attempting to force him off.*

OLIVER.

Why, you muſt think me a pretty ſcoundrel.

WALTER, *aſide*.

I do, for that matter.

OLIVER.

To receive money for doing a bit of work, and not completing it; but I'll——

[*Attempting to paſs to the children.*

WALTER, *ſtopping him.*

Stay a little—-Eh!—-I ſee you can't bear the thought of it; this is all put on.—Your heart melts. [*Aſide*] How ſavage he looks! And there's a tear ſtanding in the corner of your eye. [*Wiping one from his own*] *Oliver*, how pity becomes you!—I ſay, *Oliver*,—ſuppoſe we were—ſuppoſe we were—juſt to ſave them?

OLIVER.

What!

WALTER.

I ſay, my dear fellow—ſuppoſe we were—how pretty and innocent they look—ſuppoſe we were to ſave 'em?

OLIVER.

To ſave them, eh!

WALTER.

WALTER.

Yes! Oh very well, we will—you wiſh it, and I conſent.

OLIVER.

Why ſhould we ſave 'em?

WALTER.

I don't know; there are two or three trifling reaſons to be ſure.—Firſt, it is not very manly to murder helpleſs babes;—and then, the thought of it, afterwards, might give one ugly pains about here. [*Pointing to his breaſt*] And then, we ſhall be damn'd for it—and——

OLIVER.

Now, are not you a pretty raſcal—but I'll——

[*Oliver makes towards the Children, who run from him, then kneel, and implore Walter's interference.*]

BOY *and* GIRL.

O *Walter*, ſave us!

WALTER, *ſeizing* OLIVER'*s arm.*

Only two queſtions more.

OLIVER.

Well!

WALTER.

And have you the heart to it?

OLIVER.

Yes!

WALTER.

And have you an arm ſtrong enough to fell me down, you damn'd dog?

OLIVER

OLIVER.

Fell you!

WALTER.

Aye! for you muſt, before you ſhall touch a hair of their heads. [*Draws his ſword.*

OLIVER.

Indeed! we'll try that.

[*Oliver and Walter fight; Walter drops his ſword, which is taken up by the Girl, and given him. The fight is renewed, and Walter purſues and kills Oliver. During this fight, the Children are up the ſtage.*]

Re-enter WALTER *with ſword, and his hand bloody.*

WALTER.

I never knew I had ſo much pluck in me. Damme, how I laid about his timbers. Come forth, my little tremblers, I am your champion.

GIRL.

Have you kill'd *Oliver?*

WALTER.

Dead as a door-nail.

BOY.

Go, kill him again.

GIRL.

Such a rogue as he cannot be too dead. Let's back to my Uncle.

WALTER.

Poor innocents! you muſt not go there.

GIRL.

GIRL.

Oh, poor *Walter*, your hand bleeds; come, I'll kiſs it, and make it well. [*Kiſſes his hand.*

WALTER.

I'm the happieſt fellow in *Chriſtendom*. Hold, what's beſt to be done? Eh! I have it. I'll leave them here, return to that raſcal their Uncle, get my reward and *Joſephine*, and carry them all from the reach of the *Herod*.—My dears, will you ſtay here till I return?

GIRL.

We'll do any thing *Walter* bids us.

WALTER.

Look, here's a pretty arbour; and here's my cloak to ſit down upon; and here are cakes for you. Now don't wander; I'll bring *Joſephine* to you—Don't ſtir. Good bye—Oh, lord! Oh, lord! If doing one worthy action gives ſuch joy, how happy might the great be, who have opportunities of doing them daily. [*Exit.*

BOY.

Look, ſiſter, what cluſters of nuts and black-berries there are yonder.

GIRL.

Let's go pluck them;—we can ſoon find our way back again you know;—they are nicer than the manchets *Walter* left us.

BOY.

BOY.

I ſhould like to live here always;—to have nothing to do, but play all day, catch birds, and eat berries.

SONG.

GIRL.

See, brother, ſee, on yonder bough
The Robin ſits;—hark! I hear him now.
Liſten, brother, to the note
From pretty Robin Red-breaſt's throat:
Sweeteſt bird that ever flew,
Whiſtle, Robin, loodle loo!
Loodle loo, ſweeteſt Robin, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir ROWLAND's *Caſtle.*

Enter Sir ROWLAND, *followed by a Servant.*

Sir ROWLAND.

TO ſpeak with me! Is it *Oliver* or *Walter?* Heaven forefend harm ſhould have reached my children.

SERVANT.

I never ſaw this man before, ſir. He ſays his buſineſs is urgent.

Sir ROWLAND.

Admit him. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter GABRIEL, *drunk.*

Ha! my brother'ſervant. Should he be alive? —*Gabriel*, I am glad to ſee you.

GABRIEL.

The joy is mutual, your honour; — but your honour looks a little pale; — your countenance has not that roſy healthful appearance mine has.

Sir ROWLAND.

Grief, *Gabriel.*

GABRIEL.

Aye, your honour; and grief brings on drinking, and then what is man?—Oh never drink!—

Sir

Sir ROWLAND.

Now to know my fate. [*Aſide*] I ſhall ſoon meet my brother, where grief can never come.

GABRIEL.

True, you'll meet very ſoon.

Sir ROWLAND.

All's ſafe. [*Aſide*] Where are my brother's ſad remains?

GABRIEL.

Remains! Oh, he remains a little way off, your honour.

Sir ROWLAND.

Gabriel, this drunken guiſe little becomes your mournful errand.

GABRIEL.

Why you ſee, your honour, I was ſent before to get every thing ready; but living on ſalt proviſions at ſea, gave me ſuch a confounded thirſt, that I was forced to ſtop every mile, juſt to moiſten my mouth with a draught of ale; ſo, on the ſecond day's journey, my maſter overtook me.—So, ſays he, *Gabriel*—

Sir ROWLAND.

Says!—Who ſays?

GABRIEL.

My maſter.—*Gabriel*, ſays he, I diſcharge you; but my ſweet miſtreſs begg'd I might ſtay. So my maſter only gave me a kick, and ſent me forward again.

Sir

Sir ROWLAND.

Ideot! wretch!—he's dead—

GABRIEL.

Dead! I could ſhew you the mark he made with his foot; and if you call that a blow for a dead man to give, why—however, if you won't credit the mark of his foot,—here's the mark of his hand. [*Shews a letter.*

Sir ROWLAND, *ſnatching it.*

Damnation!

GABRIEL.

Damnation! a comical way of expreſſing joy, that.—Your brother's arrived, ſays I:—Damnation, ſays he.—I hope your honour has taken care of the children?

Sir ROWLAND.

Aye, aye, they are taken care of.

[*Poring over the letter.*

GABRIEL.

If that curſed thirſt had not ſeiz'd me, I had been here yeſterday.

Sir ROWLAND.

Oh, had you come but yeſterday!—Begone! Leave me, drunkard.

GABRIEL.

Your honour, I'll to the cellar, for I feel a kind of a dryneſs on the palate yet.—Your brother and lady will ſoon be here, your honour; they were not far behind me; and I have a notion I did not come quite ſtrait. [*Exit reeling.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Confuſion!——Ruin!——Yet—if the hand of Heaven has been ſtretched forth to ſave the innocent—if the children live——

Enter WALTER, *with caution.*

Say, quick! [*Walter advances, draws his ſword and ſhews it bloody.*] It is concluded! Where's *Oliver?*

WALTER.

Gone, Heaven knows where.—I've fulfill'd my oath.—Juſt mention the reward, your honour—*Joſephine*, your honour—the purſe of Angels, your honour—the——

Sir ROWLAND.

Wretch! Murderer! Avoid me.—Take my curſes.—Such ever be the reward of villany.

WALTER.

So ſay I. [*Aſide*] But, your honour, conſider I kill'd—

Sir ROWLAND.

Slave, dare but to name the foul act—by hell, thou ſhalt be rewarded,—a halter, villain!—Go from the haunts of men, and devour thy heart in miſery and contempt.

WALTER.

I ſhould be a devil of a fool to do that.—Make a companion of my conſcience! Does your honour find your's ſo pleaſant a one?

Sir ROWLAND.

Leave me, fellow, or——

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

WALTER.

WALTER.

Sir, I go. I am ſo happy.—Heigho! [*Putting his hand on his heart.*] What would he give to do that?—Now to ſteal ſomething from the pantry—endeavour to find *Joſephine*, and away again to the children.—Aye, fret and fume—they ſay villains inflict miſery on their fellow creatures; but I think they can make none ſo miſerable as they make themſelves. [*Exit.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Loſt beyond hope!——How ſhall I act? How! But on——my purpoſe was my brother's family ſhould meet in Heaven, and it ſhall be accompliſhed. I'll exhauſt my coffers, and, to ſome thriftleſs vaſſals, throw down the dazzling ore; and, while their ſenſes are miſled by the damning dear deluſion, I'll lead them to deſtroy this hated brother. Fortune, continue dull and blind:—Now for happineſs or perdition. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

Enter the CHILDREN. *Boy ſupporting the Girl.*

BOY.

How do you do, ſiſter?

GIRL.

Very tired, and very hungry. I could eat ſome of the cakes *Walter* left us.

BOY.

I wiſh we had not left the place;——let's try to find it.

GIRL.

GIRL.

I cannot, indeed I cannot. I am ſo ſleepy, and the wood turns round.—— But, brother, as we may ſleep a long time, look, I put my mama's picture here;——[*Kiſſes the picture, then gives it to her brother to kiſs, and then puts it in her boſom*] for *Joſephine* told me, if I were ſick, and ſhould ſleep a long while, I ſhould go where my mama is—— ſo ſhe'll know us by the picture. [*Thunder.*]

[*Children appear frightened, and cling together.*

BOY.

Are you frightened?

GIRL.

No, not much—— [*Trembling.*

BOY.

Look, yonder is a place to hide us.—— I'm ſure the thunder can't ſhoot us there.——Come, ſiſter.

GIRL.

I cannot walk—Indeed I can't—I am ſo ſick—don't cry, my brother!

BOY.

I don't cry. —[*Thunder*] Now do try to walk a bit—there—there—ſee, I'll help you—very well, very well. [*Thunder and rain.*

[*Exeunt the boy ſupporting the girl.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter WALTER *with a Baſket.*

WALTER.

Zounds, what a peppering ſtorm! Sweet ſouls, how glad they'll be to ſee me.——The cunning rogues have got under the cloak, and, I dare ſay, are faſt aſleep. [*Sets down the baſket, withdraws the cloak, and ſtarts at not ſeeing them;——then runs to the front of the ſtage*] What a damn'd villain I am! [*Runs up the ſtage and looks about.*] Gone! Murder! Murder!—Oh, they have hid themſelves to frighten me.—I ſee you,—I ſee you,—ſo you may as well come.—I ſee you.—[*Pauſes.*] They are gone—they are gone—I can never ſleep more——Eh! the print of a foot——[*Purſues the ſtep, and exit. Re-enters greatly alarm'd at not finding them.*]—What the devil do I ſtand here for? I'll ſearch every inch of the wood. I'll roar myſelf dumb—I'll hallo!—Hallo!—Hallo! [*Runs off.*

SCENE IV. *A Road.*

Enter Sir ROWLAND *with a Maſk, and two Ruffians armed.*

Sir ROWLAND.

Look out.

RUFFIAN.

The travellers have gained the hill, and have diſmounted.

Sir ROWLAND.

'Tis well; behind that thicket wait their approach; —— be firm —— here's encouragement. [*Throws them his purſe*] ——This way——[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord ALFORD, LADY, *and a Servant.*

ALFORD.

Thou art weary, *Helen.*

LADY.

In truth moſt ſadly; but let's on.

ALFORD.

No, here reſt a while; this place is moſt dear to my remembrance.—When my good Falcon urged on his quarry to this foreſt's verge—reclin'd beneath that aged oak, I firſt ſaw thee, my *Helen.*

LADY.

Ah! thoſe times, my *Alford*—what were then our hopes and fears—the remembrance is ſtrong within me ſtill.

A I R.

LADY.

Mark the true teſt of paſſion: when a lover is nigh,
Its hue is a roſe, its language a ſigh;
But when doubts interfere, and no lover is nigh,
Then its hue is a lily, its language a ſigh.

LADY.

Look, my lord, this avenue diſplays our caſtle's ſtubborn turrets.—The weſtern tower contains our lovely children—Oh, how ſweetly Fancy, paſſing

the bounds of viſion, pictures to me my babes, at great Nature's bidding, ſtretching forth their little hands to claſp a mother.—The thought is rapture. —On, on, my dear Lord.—You never ſaw the youngeſt: Indeed he is moſt like you,—the image of my *Alford*.—Pardon theſe fooliſh tears, they are a mother's joy. [*Going.*

SERVANT.

Maſter, defend yourſelf. [*Alford puts Helen behind him, the Ruffians ruſh on him and his Servant. One of the Ruffians, with Sir Rowland, attacks Alford; the other Ruffian attacks his Servant and is beat off.*

WALTER *enters from the wood.*

WALTER.

What, two to one! [*Attacks Sir Rowland, wounds him, and drives the other Ruffian off. Alford retires into the wood with Helen. The two Ruffians enter, and ſupport Sir Rowland.*]

RUFFIAN.

Are you hurt, ſir?

Sir ROWLAND.

Heed not that.—Have you ſucceeded?

RUFFIAN.

No, Sir.—The travellers eſcaped into the wood.

Sir ROWLAND.

Providence, I thank thee!

RUFFIAN.

Shall we purſue them?

Sir

Sir ROWLAND.

No, on your ſouls, forbear!—Convey me to the caſtle.

RUFFIAN.

Shall I fly for aſſiſtance?

Sir ROWLAND.

Hold, I'll none.—Do as I order you.

[*Exeunt Ruffians, bearing off Sir Rowland.*

Re-enter WALTER.

WALTER.

What the devil does all this mean? Where are the people I have been fighting for? Or, where are the people I have been fighting with?—I'm pretty ſure I drill'd one of them.——Damme, now my hand's in, I ſuppoſe I ſhall be killing a man every day.——But theſe poor children!——No finding them.——I am almoſt mad.——Night's coming on——Ha, another!—— [*Runs off as in purſuit.*

SCENE V. *A Wood.*

Moonlight. Children diſcovered ſeemingly dead, folded in each other's arms, laying on the bank, with Leaves ſtrewed over them.

Enter Lord ALFORD *and* HELEN *from the top of the Stage,* ALFORD *ſupporting her.*

ALFORD.

Don't droop, my love.—We are ſafe.—Here we'll remain to-night.

HELEN.

HELEN.

'Twas moſt ſtrange!——Spoil was not their aim, but blood; a thouſand fears preſs on me. The viſor'd ruffian had an air methought——

ALFORD.

Deareſt love, calm thy troubled mind, reſt on that verdant bank. [*Helen reclines on a bank*] My ſervants ere this have gained the Caſtle——I'm ſure my brother's anxious care will find us ere the morning.

A I R.

Lord ALFORD.

1.

When firſt to Helen's Lute
I ſung, as ſhe play'd to me;
How came there then to ſhoot
A thrilling ſenſe all thro' me?
O! 'twas love, 'twas love!
In my eyes it gliſt'ned;
'Twould inſpire a Brute
To ſing, if Helen liſt'ned.
O, my love, my love.

2.

Why cull I with delight
This ditty's plaintive numbers?
To wrap my Fair in Night,
And ſooth my Helen's ſlumbers!
Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love!

Lullaby,

Lullaby, my deareſt;
Care from thee take flight,
And peace thy heart be neareſt!
O, my love, my love!

ALFORD.

She ſleeps. I'll forth, and, under covert of the friendly ſhade, deſcry if danger be aloof. [*Advances where the Children are, ſtarts at ſeeing them*] Heavenly powers!—What's here? Two infants! and cold even to death! Poor wretched babes! poor wretched parents!—What pangs muſt rend their hearts? How ſhall I thank heaven for giving mine a Brother's foſtering care? [*Takes the girl in his arms*] Cold, cold and breathleſs. Hold! life ſeems newly ebbed. [*Puts his hand upon her breaſt, and pulls out the picture. Comes forward, and looking at it, exclaims*] Merciful powers, my own Children!

HELEN *alarmed, awakes.*

My *Alford!* [*Advances and ſnatches the picture from him, when looking at it, ſhrieks*] My Child! my child! [*Falls on the bank and embraces the girl.*] My darling girl dead! [*Taking her in her arms. Lord Alford takes up the Boy*]

ALFORD.

How chilling cold! — Brother! — Barbarian! Monſter!

HELEN.

Huſh! [*Feels for pulſation, and deſcribes by her manner ſhe perceives it. With great anxiety turns her*

her eyes on the girl, who, after a ſhort pauſe, opens them] Oh, God! ſhe lives! ſhe lives! My huſband—oh I fear to aſk—how is the Boy?

ALFORD.

He will recover.

HELEN.

How came they here? but let's away.

ALFORD.

At the eaſtern extremity of this foreſt ſtands an humble cot.——There we'll haſten——Thy feeble arms cannot ſuſtain——

HELEN.

Away, away! under my own diſaſters I might droop; but a mother's fears give Amazonian ſtrength.——Away, my Lord!

[*Exeunt, bearing the children off.*

SCENE VI.

Inſide of WALTER's *houſe.*

Enter WINIFRED, JOSEPHINE, *and a Female Servant.*

WINIFRED *and Servant bring in a Table, on which is placed three wooden Trenchers, a roaſt Fowl, Knives, Forks,* &c.

WINIFRED, *ſpeaking as ſhe enters.*

I thought ſo.—Well, and ſo—

JOSEPHINE.

And, goody, a ſervant came to the caſtle, and Sir *Rowland* ordered him to be confined in the dark

dark tower; and, do you know, old Stingo ſays it is a ſervant of Lord *Alford*'s.

WINIFRED.

I thought ſo.—Well, and ſo—

JOSEPHINE.

Why, goody—then Sir *Rowland* went out diſguiſed with four men—and in the confuſion I ſlipt out.—But, goody, where's *Walter?*

WINIFRED.

Oh, Heaven knows whether we ſhall ever ſee the dear boy again.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh dear, you frighten me; why, goody?

WINIFRED.

Why! do you know I ſaw a ſpider crawling up the ſide of the chimney; and the horſe-ſhoe was laſt night taken from the door.

WALTER, *without.*

Hollo!

Enter WALTER *at the door, and ſhuts it.*

JOSEPHINE.

Here is *Walter.*

WINIFRED.

I thought ſo. [*Walter in extreme dejection, pale, &c. takes a chair, brings it forward, and ſits down.*]

WINIFRED, *looking at him.*

Why, child, what's the matter? Have you ſeen a ghoſt? Sit croſs legg'd, my dear boy.

WALTER.

WALTER.

There, will that pleaſe you. [*Joſephine taps him on the ſhoulder; he jumps up alarm'd.*]

WALTER.

Oh, *Joſephine*, is it you?

JOSEPHINE.

Well, *Walter*, where did you leave the children?

WALTER.

Under a tree; and I told them only to ſtay there till I——

JOSEPHINE.

Under a tree!——Oh, in the gentleman's garden——

WALTER.

No, no. [*Recollecting himſelf.*] Yes, yes, to be ſure, where elſe? Should I leave them in a wood, where they might be ſtarv'd?

JOSEPHINE.

No, that I am ſure you would not.

WALTER.

I never was afraid of goblins; but to-night I thought every cow a ghoſt, and took old jowler for the devil.

WINIFRED.

Ay, ay, old Tab did not ſcratch under her left ear for nothing; a ſure ſign ſomebody will be hang'd!

WALTER.

Damn old Tab.

JOSEPHINE.

Fye, *Walter*, you have been drinking.

WALTER.

My own tears then. [*Aſide.*

WINIFRED.

But come, here's a capon for your ſupper.

WALTER.

Oh, if the dear children had that capon——

JOSEPHINE.

Lord, *Walter!* Why they have plenty.

WALTER.

Plenty have they? [*Recovering.*] To be ſure they have: I know that as well as you, I ſuppoſe. [*Pertly.*

JOSEPHINE.

Had I known how croſs you would have been—I would not have come. [*Weeps.*

WALTER.

I beg your pardon, *Joſephine.*——Don't cry, my girl——I am almoſt mad.

[*Sits down at the table and throws down the ſalt.*

WINIFRED, *ſitting behind the table.*

Oh, he's ſpilt the ſalt!——And I vow there's a winding-ſheet in the candle.

WALTER.

Damn it, mother, don't frighten me ſo——*Joſephine*, my dear girl, ſing me a ſong——I can't eat, I'm not well.

JOSEPHINE, *ſitting down.*

I'll ſing you what I bought of the old blind pedlar who paſſed by this morning. It's entitled

and

and called the *Norfolk Tragedy*, ſhewing how the ghoſt, a murdered babe——

WALTER, *alarmed.*

No, do——don't ſing that!

WINIFRED.

Yes, yes, ſing it, *Joſephine.*

JOSEPHINE *ſings.*

A yeoman of no mean degree,
For thirſt of gain and lucre he,
A pretty babe did murder ſtrait,
By reaſon of its large eſtate.

To vex him to his heart's content,
To him the murder'd babe was ſent;
Full blue appear'd the candle flame,
And a knocking at the window came.

[*Knocking without at window; all ſtart up from the table alarmed.*]

JOSEPHINE.

Walter, why do you tremble? Are you frightened?

WALTER.

Me frightened——bleſs your ſoul.——Go on.——Nonſenſe.

JOSEPHINE *ſings.*

His conſcience ſorely ſmited him,
And made him tremble every limb;
With that the ghoſt began to roar,
And ſtraitway burſted ope the door.

[*Knocking*

[*Knocking at the door without, at which they all ſtart from the table; the door is burſt open, Winifred and Joſephine retire greatly alarmed. Walter remains near the table, trembling, and fearing to look towards the door.*]

Enter Lord ALFORD, HELEN, *and the two* CHILDREN.

[*Walter ſeeing the Children, who run immediately to him, falls on his knees, hugs and kiſſes them; then ſays*]

What alive! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!—— What, my honoured Lord and Lady too!——Oh, its too much. *Joſephine* come here, down on your knees——

HELEN.

My faithful girl, explain theſe wonders.

JOSEPHINE.

I cannot, lady: *Walter* can.

WALTER.

The—I know nothing.—Yes.—I know every thing.—You ſee, my lord, your brother—Ah, you little rogues to run away.—And ſo, my lord, your brother and *Oliver*, and I, my lord. I—I can't tell you now. [*Kiſſing the Children.*

GIRL.

I'm very hungry.

WALTER.

Hungry are you! [*Snatching up the children, and ſeats them at the table with ſigns of extravagant joy.*]

APATHY, *without.*

Let none paſs. *Ente*

Enter APATHY *and two Conſtables.*

APATHY.

Seize that murderer of innocents!

[*Walter laughs.*

Do you laugh, you hardened——

WALTER.

Laugh! look there [*Shewing the Children.*

APATHY.

Bleſs my ſoul, there they are at ſupper—A capon, I declare! Very pretty eating. [*Seeing Lord Alford and his Lady.*] Oh! my lord, your brother is dying; he has confeſs'd he employ'd *Oliver*, and *Walter* here, to murder your children.

WALTER.

True! and I kill'd *Oliver*.

ALFORD.

My gallant fellow!

APATHY.

He then plann'd your deſtruction——

ALFORD.

O curſed ambition!—Wretched brother!

APATHY.

And went out with armed Ruffians to attack you.

HELEN.

But Heaven ſent an unknown hand to reſcue us. —*Walter*, couldſt thou but find—

WALTER.

Why, my Lady, I believe I could find him.

[*With modeſt heſitation.*

HELEN.

HELEN.

Sure that look! *Walter*, you protected us?

WALTER.

Why, I believe I did.

HELEN.

My preſerver!

ALFORD.

My friend!

WALTER.

Dear, my Lord—ſweet, dear Lady,—don't kill me with kindneſs:—I can't bear it.—I'm too happy!——Could ill-gotten wealth do this?

HELEN.

Name ſome reward.

WALTER.

A treaſure!

ALFORD.

If *India* can produce it, it is your's.

WALTER.

My Lord, you need not go ſo far:—There's the treaſure I want—give me my little *Joſephine*, and I am happy.

HELEN.

My good girl, receive from my hand your faithful *Walter*: It ſhall be my anxious care to reward his virtues.

WALTER.

I'll ſerve, madam, with my lateſt breath;—but, I truſt, the CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, will, to-night, find better friends than poor *Walter*.

FINALE.

FINALE.

WALTER.

I've ſaved this good Girl and Boy:
Is't ſo underſtood, ſirs?
May I hollow now for joy,
Are we of the wood, ſirs?

CHORUS.

Have we ſav'd, &c.

Lord ALFORD.

Providence has ſmil'd on me,
Happy I as may be;
A Father here——at either knee,
A roſy dimpled baby.
Have we ſav'd, &c.

HELEN.

Fulleſt mine of Mother's bliſs,
Fuller nought can make it;
Since all to-night who witneſs this,
Seem kindly to partake it.

CHORUS.

Have we ſav'd, &c.

JOSEPHINE.

Now my Walter I ſhall wed,
Gay my heart and light, ſirs:—

WALTER.

And I, my girl, have made a bed,
To fit us right and tight, ſirs.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Have we ſav'd this Girl and Boy?
Is't ſo underſtood, ſirs?
May we hollow now for joy!
Are we out of the wood, Sirs?

THE END.